

HOUGHTON, L.

Rutherford

Veres on everyday life. Written
chiefly by request, in the Calgary
General Hospital; By an impatient
patient - a Calgary old timer. 22 May,
1916. n.p.

Verses on Everyday Life

*Written chiefly by request, in The Calgary General
Hospital, by an impatient patient—
a Calgary Old-Timer*



Pleasant poems, pleasantly placed
Patiently penned at a Patient's pace:
All good men, and women too,
'Twill well repay to read them through



UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

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*L. Houghton
Dollie Rutherford
Calgary, Alberta, Canada*

Mount Royal College

CALGARY

May 22nd, 1916.

I have known the writer of this little brochure for many years, he has come to be one of the familiar personalities of our City. His quiet, kindly manner has found a warm welcome in many hearts. He has always been ready to lend a helping hand whenever it was in his power to do so. His verses on "Why Don't You Don the Khaki?" have been quite a factor in assisting recruiting. Mr. Houghton has recently been laid up in the Hospital, where he penned most of the words of this little volume. We wish for the writer and his book a kindly reception at the hands of the people.

G. W. KERBY, B.A., D.D.

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*L. Houghton
Public Reciter
Hillhurst, Calgary*

NO APOLOGY

There may be such' within this book You think you know, so will not look;
Yet it may be there are things new, Some lesson good, amusement too
Which in this form (perhaps new dress) You'll welcome give—goodwill express.
Should you be grieved at aught within Please perforate with common pin.
The punctuation may strike you As having need of more to do;
Or, here'and there be overdone, Thus make or mar some little "pun,"
The grammar, too, your taste may jar, Please mark this off with little *,
And say what is the speech correct—Enlighten thus my intellect.
I'd like objections yours to see, Your marks should point them out to me;
There's nothing "great" for you to scan—Just simple talks from man to man.
And now I'd call to your attention The matter of a true inflection—
There's lots of words to English fair Means one thing here another there;
To Author interpret, there is one guide: His spirit catch—put yours aside.
Allow me now one modest claim. There's bits for you whate'er your name;
Important man we've not forgot—The Britisher—true Patriot.

A FEW HOSPITAL AND OTHER DITTIES

(By the Impatient Patient)

The times are wont to be quite dull, When every ward is patient-full:
There's longing, longing, all the while, The time of suffering to beguile;
So, as compared to me were worse, Amused myself with scribbling verse,
And read it to them, thère and then, Whate'er had flowed from off my pen;
Some patients leaned upon their staff—Some laying a-bed had hearty laugh;
If they enjoyed it, so did I—"Laugh and grow fat," Ben Johnsons' cry.
And now fair Gentile or dark-eyed Jew, Shake off your gloom, smile with us too.

"COMPENSATION?"

("Morning Albertan" Report, Feb. 24th)
They asked for "Compensation," before it was their turn;
Petitioned legislation, the clerk so justly "turned it down;"
The liquor-men complained, that Act of next July
In every city, village and town, their profits then would die.
Their only thoughts were of "The Trade," they cared not for dear lives
They'd ruined; orphans made, and widows formed—from wives;
These countless; awful in their number—treated heartless, soulless—human lumber.
Let's hope that Sifton will sift out—consider if 'tis common sense;
Compensate drink, thus raise a shout—outrageous! so immense!
He cannot do so wrong a thing, (the people won't stand that)—
Not sent to pander to that "ging," we know he'll stand quite pat.
To really "compensate" the thing is only sound—
For some it's driven far too late;
It should work all around. If you who brew, and good grain stew,
Say what think you is fair, in "recompensing" homes not few.
Your "trade" has laid so bare. You cannot have at your request—
(The thing is too presumptious) until you give at our behest, share of your wealth—so
sumptuous.

WHY DID SHE LOOK?

"Last night, my dear, you'd gone to bed, (industrious I am so),
I found your pants and so was led, a hole in pocket sew.
You ought to thank me for the work, and praise me for the skill,
You see my duty I ne'er shirk, but toil with hearty will."
"It seems a funny thing to me," her loving "hubby" said,
"How came you there, to find that hole, when I was gone to bed?"

"H.B.C."

I saw it on his collar whilst being lifted up
To No. 6,—the Floor we bite and sup;
'Twas in chill December days I saw that "H.B.C."—
"Home Before Christmas," was what appealed to me.
But in the lengthen'd-out days those letters still remain—
That "H.B.C." my mind, and sight retain.
Surely at dinner solution I would find,
Then puzzling "H.B.C." did slowly come to mind:

Here's Best Cafateria, Here's Best Cake,
Here's Best Coffee anyone can make.
Here's Dountiful Collation,—beef, and fish, and fry,
Here's Best Cooking,—(anyone can try).
Here's Best Custard,—pies, and jellies too,
Here's Best Cup-o'-tea anyone need brew.
Here's Best Care to see you're lined within,
Here's Best Cause to quit your getting thin.

"H.B.C.'s" in 'Lizabethan style,
(You can't beat that within a thousand-mile):
Here's Best Cheese, bacon, pork-and-beans,
Here's Best Catsup, fruits, and canned sardines.
Here's Best Corn, pickles, jams, and rice,
Here's Best Cocoa,—everything that's nice.
"H.B.C." you meet on every floor,—
The windows wide on every side and every open door.

Here's Best Clothes, for you, or for your wife,
Here's Bright Cutlery, spoon or carving knife.
Here's Best Collar, cuff, and tie or stud,
Here's Best Chairs in varied kinds of wood.
Here's Big Carpets,—pots and pans and things,—
Everything that follows church and wedding-rings.
Here Betrothed Couples sit and chat at will,
Hoping By Comparing to save ten-dollar-bill.

That "H.B.C." it surely is a feat:
Hustling, Busy Clerks who wrap your parcels neat;
"H.B.C." girls, high perched, and out of range,
Have Booked, Counted, prompt returned
Your useful bit of change.
So Here's Best Compliments to "H.B.C."—
Hudson's Bay Company is yet the best for me.

CHEERY CHRISTIAN CHARLEY

Charley Holland's a useful man—he clears away our garbage can;
You needn't all turn up your nose, for into a cart away it goes.
If he didn't do it, the Mayor should, it's just the thing for public good;
So do not scornful finger point, nor jerk your noses out of joint.
You eat your food by help of thumbs, but leave poor Charley bones and crumbs.
So now, before you further jeer, just wish our Charley "Happy New Year!"
This "boy" has other work to do: Soiled linen heaps he carries too,
In bags upon his shoulders strong, he takes to where they boil it long—

The laundry; where it's washed and dried and packs it now in hampers wide.
Our Charléy now again he strives to comfort add to cheerless lives.
The linen comes off drying rack to go upon the patient's back,
And thus his health is always sought all through the work our Charley wrought.

Yet I've not done—I've more to say—our Charley works another way:
The patient sucks and says it's nice, those chunks of water Charley's ice.
This substance placed in rubbers red Is cooling for the feverish head.

I beg you now your work compare, Before to scorn you further dare;
You may be paid so much more money, But are you making life more sunny,—
For sick and faint and pains distressing To make your job a constant blessing?
To Charley's work all honor's due—Let's wish him good this New Year through.

MARGARET VIRGINIA

(By request)

Margaret Virginia! A Christmas good for thee!
If I'm "interned" it is my wish to see
A friend enjoying still the best of health:
Facial smile, quiet mind, possessing wealth:

I have not known thee very long,
But what I think, should make a song;
I may not tell thee half of what I think,
But I'll ne'er forget thy knowing wink.

Margaret a canny Scot might be—
There's honour in such family tree:
Bold for the right—for good so bravely set
Thy name's well-chosen, rosy, cheery, kindly Margaret!

Virginia, too's, a name well-chosen,
There'd been no better had'st thou had a dozen...
Virginia, I would tell thee if I can,—
When thou art really ready for a Man,

Don't wed his wealth, nor yet his smile,
Right good all through is just thy style;
View him piercingly—search the innier,
But pray, don't forget me, Margaret Virginia!

LEAP YEAR LOVE STORY, IN A NUT-SHELL

Charming Cynthia carefully chooses Cyril's companionship; coolly conceded-caught chaperoning coquettish cousin (?) Charlotte.

Cynthia's cross, chilled, cooled, chagrined. Considers closer contact could conciliate, conquer, cantering, capering Cyril.

Cheerfully chooses conflict, combat.

Culprit confronted, charged, collapses—confessing culpability.

Cynthia's consoled, comforted, circles Cyril's corporation.

Chairs come closer; cerebral cranning commences; clustering curls chafe Cyril's crimsoned, carmine cheeks.

Consolations celestial consummated! Chins collide caressingly.

Crisis come. Celibacy concluded.

Celebrations! Congratulations! Church, clergyman, Choir chants canticles. Congregational cheers!

Cars, chauffeurs, confetti. Cottage, crockery, cookery, candied cakes, confectionery. Colored cards calling cousins. Champagne, claret, coffee, cocoa.

Cots contain couple cheery, cherry-cheeked children—cooing cherubs! Concludes Chapter.

MAGGIE*

(A Floor Artiste)

Maggie M'Clair fell over a hair, With pail of water to clean the stair;
Upon my word! it seems absurd, But at Christmas-time she asked for rhyme
'Midst feastings and holly, she wished to be jolly, and for her beau meeting
For better or worse, she asked for a verse,—a real good Christmas greeting.
So he wrote 'in a hurry, she wasn't to worry, these lines of the season then fleeting:
"I scarcely know for thee what's best—Lumps of pudding or lots of rest.
According to thy face (the show it makes), Thou'st had thy fill of oatmeal cakes.
With cheeks so red, each side thy nose, As if thou'd rubbed against a rose.
But that's not all—thou ne'er seems weary, Art always chatting—always cheery.
And now I'd have thee rest thy mop And drink 'Good Cheer' without a stop
This Christmas Day, of health so full, And New Year's moments not one dull."

A SHORT STORY ON A "LONG" SUBJECT

A tall nurse who was a clever mimic

This Christmas-time I wish thee well, The reason why I soon will tell:
Impression good when first thee I saw—I liked thine eyes, thine ears, thy "jaw."
Thy teeth are set like rows of pearls, Thy queue behind wears graceful furls.
I like such eyes of tender blue—Thy glasses pierced me through and through
And when I heard thy lisping tongue, I did not think it much too long; (?)
I may have learnt a little better, For I have heard thou'rt quite a sweater.
Thy nursing is beyond reproach—Thou'rt strong enough to pull a coach!
Some patients touch thy tender heart—They're pained when they and thee do part.
Others know thou'rt strong of arm and head, For Jinks, thou hauled him out o' bed!
Thy chastening hand quite stayed his bawl, And made him under th' bed to crawl.
Others were hilarious—he cried, "Boo, oo," Until thou made him clean thy shoe.
Now all of this in thee I do admire, But praises still must go much higher.
I spoke about thine eyes, ears, toes, Now let me "blow" upon thy nose:
To me it seems a pretty good "leader," And I should judge thy mouth's a "feeder!"
Thine ears, too, they're both full size, Not one disputes they'll win "First Prize."
Ears long (in wheat) is what the farmer prizes, But thou can't beat him several sizes!
I'm proud to say all this of thee—Thou'rt perfect—head, bust, feet and knee.
Thy skill as nurse beats every Sister, Blebs inches deep rise from thy blister.
I've heard thee warble like a bird, The like of which some never heard;
And should I ever want a kitten, Thy "mews" will fit close as my mitten.
I've heard the squeak of yapping whelp, Just like thy jerky snappy yelp.
One patient heard "puss" in distress, (He little thought 'twas in-long dress),
In sympathy his heart beat pit-a-pat, Then called to me, "Let in that cat!"
I know thy temper's often tried, But wait—some day thou'l be a bride—
Some suitor thee thine heart will fill, And when he's "dry" and wants a "gill"
Thou'l dope with salts, or senna pill; Until he finds he's met his master,
He'll never want for mustard plaster
And when thou'r running short of "tin" Thou'l tickle him gently—under his chin.
And now I'll speak my mind in reason, (Just what I've said, I'll call it treason).
I loved to see thy face at early morn—(At 7 a.m., before the dawn);
I like for thee to serve the trays, Because I know thy winning ways
Will drain the cream-jug so its dregs, And fill my plate with ham and eggs.
And when thou com'st to make my bed, Softly thou'l smooth the pillows for my head
And when lain long, from pain I rack, Thou'l rub the oil upon my back.
And when I come to leave this house, I'll say she never gave me cause to "grouse;"
But rather—full my heart will be, To ever say "good-bye" to thee.

BESSIE McNAIR

(An Old Maid's Warning)

There is a girl of Calgary City—She was so cold, she had no pity:
Her lover met her here and there, But when he wished her to declare
When she would have him altogether, She just observed, "Wait till cold weather!"
His patience thus was often tried, For when he wished to have his bride,
She'd toss her hat of ostriched feather, And say, "Wait till it's warmer weather!"
He still kept hoping she'd have sense, To marry him with lots o' pence,
So next time caught her on the trot, She breathed this out, "Wait till it's hot!"
And yet still longer did he wait (He thought she'd got an empty slate):
He watched her wipe her lovely nose, And now she said "Wait till it blows."
Another week he waited yet, The night was cold, and very wet;
He felt determined again to try—She calmly said, "Wait till it's dry."
He asked her, "Why, what atmosphere Will suit my darling, Bessie McNair?"
She pouted now, just like the dickens: "I've got to feed my mother's chickens!"
Once more for home, again he started, (Enough to make him broken-hearted);
He came again, she asked, "What now? I've got to milk our brindled cow!"
He argued with her—got quite mad; She coolly said, "Apply to Dad!"
And so this girl, I do declare, Was aggravating, Bessie McNair.
Another time he broached the matter, And then she fell a little flatter:
She said she'd never talked it o'er, With Mother dear upon the floor.
He let her off till next they'd meet, (By chance they met upon the street).
His heart was full of what he'd "popped,"—She ran away and never stopped!
This time, her lover waved, "Good-bye," And let her go with never a sigh;
And now she's lonely—pulls her own hair—This procrastinating Bessie McNair.

THE CALGARY GENERAL HOSPITAL

If you've ne'er been in this Retreat, Just get right sick and to it beat;
The longer you are here to stay, The more of good you'll have to say.
It's not the mortar and the bricks, Attention yours I now would fix;
Nor rasping, racking windows fine—The pulleys jerked with double line;
The patient says his slumber's wrecked All through some bungling architect,
The hammer, tacks, and woollen strips Are needed while old zero nips.

The humane side, these walls within, Just think about if scratched your skin;
You may your nose put out of joint—Just haul it here, and finger point
To where you want it—doctor, nurse, Will bind it up—looks slightly worse—
It can't be helped—'tis part of curing's game, Your "leader's" set, muzzle off, no longer lame.

You may be sick in lots o' ways to which we all are heir,
Don't stay at home whate'er it is—you'll find the best is here.

The Toper:

You poor "D.T.'s," who on these walls See everything on earth that crawls—
And you who've swallowed houses, lands, You owe this place warm clap of hands!
Your epidermis, (three coats thick), You've swollen out—a drunken trick,
The kind of treatment you'll find here, Will bridle up your "dope's" career.
It's best that nursing can provide To win you o'er to wisdom's side
A separate case of wood and glass Should be set up for all your class—
For finished product of "The Trade," To show your "Friend" the wreck he's made.
Prohibit's your best friend—surely on this you may rely,
You're glad it's coming—really coming, First of next July,
There'll be less work for orderlies, the doctor and the nurse—
More beds to spare for other's ills, when "drink's" not there your life to curse.
You oft absorb five—ten per cent, Beds; doctors, nurses' (time ill-spent).
* * *

Your friends outside, when home you got, They asked what treatment was your lot
Whilst in this place—humane, grand, And then it was you took your stand;—
You said 'twas almost Heaven below, For healing ailments—human woe;
There wasn't one but worked with zeal, And hastened on your wounds to heal;
The latest good by Science found, was yours from all the world around;
Alert they are—the doctors' minds; you get the best of all he finds.

The convalescent's glad to get, his tray with good things fully set:
Of custards, jellies, (naught exempt), the ficklish appetite to tempt.
His English jam, (good Full St. John!) the best of tea from far Ceylon.
Our cook of culinary skill possest, She has her choice from East to West.
There's naught too good, (she goes this length), In coaxing back your long-lost strength.

The nurses! (ah, my troubles now begin), There's quite a lot—fair, fat and thin!
I dare not say, "Fair, fat and forty," (I do not wish to be thus naughty),
It's not the outline of their form—Their pretty looks—white uniform—
Nor nurses' tempers, (I'll not err, I Have no eye to spare for blurr),
What's more than that—I've naught to say; I have my thoughts contrary way;
I'm full of admiration for their ways—They're full of good both nights and days—
Whatever be the patient's need, His help is there in very deed;
As far as lies it in their power, They are in troth his hourly dower;
One wants his broth—another milk, And yet there is another ilk
Who thinks he needs some water icy, Another calls for something spicy,
Some patients scarce know what is what—Asks milk quite cold—then, wants it hot!
In fact it seems there is no end—The sinuousness of mental trend!
It all is met, quite soon (not late) For everything is up-to-date;
In truth it would large volume fill—Expressing thanks—patients' goodwill.

He's simply "mothered," night and morn, almost like baby newly-born;
And, like a child just learnt to stand—he's gently taken by the hand—
Once, twice or thrice, through day and night to know if pulse is beating right;
His tongue, his teeth, his general heater, is ~~flow~~ in co. with thermo-meter.
You have no secrets; (stop your frowns!) Nurse finds them out—your ups and downs.

There is one yet, (the name not mention) Who always pays you kind attention;—
Her early work at start of day, She makes her rounds and comes your way;
Again, at eventide you're glad—She comes with cheer—to make less sad;
Enquires your health, and how you feel, And order gives to help your weal.

We often think (and sometimes say), Our nurses make too long a day,
The Management, with funds so tight, Can't make their heavy work more light;
The City should more funds provide, And send more girls to work inside;
At least this is the many's thought, Thus lessen hours by nurses' wrought.
With these remarks now made to you, We close this Hospital review.

THE COLLECTION AT CHURCH

Maurice is my grandson, (he's only just turned five);
A sharper child, such tender age, you never saw alive;
I took him to the church, he stood up in the pew,
His sharp eyes were open wide, to see what folks did do.
In time they came with plate around; (he wondered what it meant);
He watched what I did, then put on, his only one five cent;
He'd nothing for it—watched it further, further on
From him, and then: "Grandpa, where's my money gone?"

TO A FRIEND

(Reply to a friend, a former patient at the Hospital, but who had recovered, and returned to his office desk, and from whom was received a very kindly letter).

Dear Mr. C.:—

You and I, when last we parted, I little thought you'd be hard-hearted
Enough to play me such a joke, And at my weak spot finger poke
*Two words there are outside your letter; (Were they deserved 'twould be much better);
Nurse quoted them—said 'twas your fun—Me tease, and make queer language run;
(But such as that, I must repress, And clothe my thoughts in decent dress).
So in return I'll not revile; Instead, your quip provoked a smile.
'Twas nice to think—these times so hard, A friend to send such kind regard;
To make one friend it sure is gain, Much better still that friend retain.
It's done one good—of you so kind To bear me thus upon your mind—
To wish one well—recovery speedy—We suffering ones—the always needy.
Right back to work, you are, you say; Congratulations! every way!
I'd like your hand to give warm grips One can't bestow while zero nips;
Wait till it's o'er—this awful freeze; A friend's right hand you then shall squeeze.
My kind regards—youself and wife—A happy lot—long span of life!
In final words I'd still keep reg'lar, Transmit good wish to Mr. Pegler.
All so duly,

Yours truly—

(Jan. 1916).

*P.S.—"Poet Laureate," sounds libel-like; You are at Court—I can't you "hike;"
Nurse says you might two thousand come! I'd settle NOW for half that sum.

HE NEVER WILL

If the Doctor's Antiseptic Baby, and the Nurse's Prophylactic Pup,
Were nosing in the garbage, when the flies came buzzing up,
They scarce could look upon these insects with a loathing undisguised
For fifty years behind them, scarcely they were sterilized.
P'raps themselves had "cultured" microbes—been hot beds of disease,
But good-luck stood by them through the vapor of a thousand odd degrees—
Would their love for Creatures—flies, and such-like dope
Tell the worth of Permanganate, "Monkey Brand," or Carbolated Soap?
If they'd don their Rubber Mittens—take each Wasp or Beetle by the hand
Then the child, or Pup-superior, soon could lead a Fumigated Band.
They should say to Micrococcus: "Please get out the way,
We bathe in pure Iodoform, at least three times a day;
In Sulphuretted Hydrogen, we've steeped up to the ears;
We cut our curls, or tails off with a pair of hard-boiled shears.
Our Papa's a doctor, says he'll never give it up
Till we all imbibe our Rations from An Hygienic Cup.

A LITTLE SUCKER

To the Parson's home there came one day, a bouncing baby boy,
The father's heart was full and glad—the mother's filled with joy.
The flock he claimed as his "dear sheep," with feeling undisguised
Gave dollars or cents (a nice little heap) to show they sympathized.
Then parson from his pulpit said: (tears in his eye, his mouth a-pucker)
"I thank you very much, dear friends, for bringing me that succour."

CALGARY---AN ALLITERATIVE ALLEGATION

Calgary's churches claim clean character; commend concord, conspicuous, consistent, consonant carefulness concerning certain Civil concerns. Choirs can chant canticles, choruses, cantatas cadently; congregations contribute chic cheques constantly, conscientiously. Clergy, curates, chaplains collect coin certifying contributors' cheerful charity; conduct connubial couples' ceremonials; celebrate communion, chronicle children's christenings; chide children's circumlocution; console calamitous; condemn captious cranks' crookedness.

Calgary's City Council convene, combine, contemplate, coticur, command, countermand, consume cigars.

Calgary's City Commission comprise circumspect comrades; compiles covenants; certifies contracts; compares candidates' credentials. Clerks collect customs.

Calgary's Chief Constable Cuddy's capable colleagues courageously, competently collect clues; chase, circumvent, capture carousing casuals—criminals; compose City's common weal.

Calgary's Civil Courts checkmate charlatans, counterfeits; cases combated collapse—custody cells.

Calgary's citizen chaps chop chips, chore, cook cabbage, cereals.

Calgary's carpenters construct cathedrals, colleges, churches, cottages; capture contracts; cleverly construct contour cornices; carve curved centilinear ceilings; carry clamps. Chisels cleave clean cedar cleats.

Calgary's college chums' current curriculum contemplates cypher calculation; calligraphy, correspondence, classic citations, compositions, cube capacities, compiled cyclopedias, Caesars' Commentaries—Countenances, cultivates cricket, croquet, curling, cycling, calisthenics, "cat-calls."

Calgary's Climbing Club climbs colossal cliffs, crests; crawls crags, crevasses; co-equalling competing companions—compeers; compassing congealed, crystallized, concatenated conglomerations." Congratulating, complimenting—compensating cultured Canadian clergy climber. Condemning, criticising, combating contentiously Cook's circumpolar claims.

Calgary's climatic condition's considered conciliatory; citrus clouds, cerulean canopy co-exist, capably conferring champion cardinal cereals consequently consecutive. Cogitate capped cliffs, crests, caverns, clearly certifying circumjacent Columbia!

Calgary's Cupids' couples court, coo, caress, clasp, cull, curls, converse, correspond; chew candy-coated Chicklets, chocolates; compose cozily-cushioned corners clandestinely; contemplate conjugal, connubial, conducive co-partnership; crockery, cookery, cots, cradles, cooing children—cherubs.

Calgary's cafe's cooks collaborate culinary collections; compound cakes, cookies, consomme, custards, coffee. Confectioners' candy, chocolate creams.

Calgary's clockmakers' carved cases contain chronometers, cruets, cutlery, carved cameos, corals, charms, carefully covered caskets. Cameras conceal caricatures.

Calgary's cattle: cows, calves' carcasses; capricious collies—canines; cats, conies, cantering coyouse; canaries, cackling chickens, crowing cocks. Coyotes, compel combat.

Calgary cultures cool, crisp cucumbers, corn, carrots, cress, celery, cabbage, cauliflower, chives; columbines, cannas, cactus carnine carnations, chrysanthemums, climbing elemantis, canary creeper.

Calgary's commerce compels consideration. Commercials carry circling crusades continually. Courage, customary civility continue culminating contractors, 'civilians,' cottagers' cheques. Commercial cargoes concern calicoes, cambries, crape, canvas, cashmere, curtains, crocheting, crewel, chintz, chiffons, cravats, costumes, cloaks, caps, corsets, collars, corduroys; cars, cabs, chaises, carriages, cabhouse. Curious circulating catalogues concern copal, cruppers, cranberries; carpets, clocks, cane-chairs, chests, chisels, churns, cycles, china cups, cauldrons, colanders, calipers, canary-cages, concertinas, complex compasses, crayons; coal, coke, cement; cheese, cream, cognac, cider, claret, champagne.

Calgary's chemists checkmate cholera, croup, chincough, corns, colds, chills, chronic cancer. Commercialize corks, celluloid, cellulose, cinchona, cinnamon, céladine, castor-oil, chloroform, carraways, collapsible chamois; collaborate, compound carbonated calcinations, carbolics, citrates. Capsuled carboys contain corrosives. Canistered chocolates classified conceal caramels, charmingly cheap?

Calgary's Citizens' covered cars' Conductors' collect cash continually; call crowds ceaselessly, convey carefully.

Conveniently circumambulating
CALGARY CITY.

"THE EARLY BIRD CATCHES THE WORM"

Of all the things that Master taught the time I went to school;
"Some proverbs good you ought to learn," he said, "not written by a fool."
Some boys they came for lessons late, and girls got other blame
So both oft-times upon the slate, got cross marks 'gainst their name.
But when he'd got the desks all full he'd wisdom then impart;
While some were always rather dull—there were a smarter part,
These later years I sometimes think: The place where was my due
The mess I made with that black ink was just between the two.
One matter still I bear in mind: (Those proverb-lessions linger),
To little birds to be so kind, and never rob a singer.
The bird had gained a meed of praise we all were glad to hear,
It had such early-working-ways—those little tom-tits dear.
He said the early bird the worm did catch (The late ones hungry went)
We boys must early house-door latch uplift;—to school be early sent.
This proverb too, our father said: "The early bird eats worm so big,
You must be early out of bed—get spade, and garden dig."
When starting out to earn my board, the "boss" advice again did give:
I found out still that "early bird" was just the one to live.
I thought of what is known so wide—another, proverb true:
There always is another side—to every question two.
And so decided to take part of that poor worm so bare
While dickie-bird had feathers smart, the wriggler had no hair.
Of his career no one did dare of praise nor sweet word give—
That worm so low, of feathers bare, was not the one to live.
And so a thought came to my head: So sad that 'twas a common feature—
When not a single good word's said of any creeping creature.
With your permit I'd plead the cause of poor worm long-neglected,
And try and find what Nature's laws are for the thing projected:
In heat of day I made my way with spade upon my shoulder,
To try and find where our friend lay, so turned up earth and boulder.
Ah! there he was—he'd gone to sleep and slumber in his burrow;
Like other workers, health to keep for labors on the morrow.
This thought then struck my mental sight: (suspicions I'd confirm):
I'd search again quite late some night, when wakened that poor worm.
Oh, yes, he'd started hard to toil; he'd got his task to do—
He'd burrowed through six-inch of soil on purpose to get through;
The holes he made let in the air, (the rootlets were so glad),
That poor un-feathered worm so bare had left the earth less sad!
And now we come back at that bird—(feel ready for a duel);
Don't sing his praises so absurd, when, really, he is cruel.
The worm, you see, is out all night, and that is his protection
In satisfying appetite—(this is for your reflection).
I must admit he's man just like in heaping earthy stuff—
To bed he ought to sooner go, and sleep just long enough.
If our friend worm had early seen his bed while yet 'twas dark
Thosé "early birds" had hungry been—the blackbird and the lark.
And yet methinks there's one excuse: (his work so long delayed.)
He'd worked all night to not much use—there was so little trade.
And now that naughty, chirpy bird advantage took so quick—
He knew he'd have all men's good word, and children's—"Pretty Dick."
It now to you appears quite plain: Your sympathy should spread—
The proverb is not all to same for that poor worm's pecked head.
Let's try and put it in new form: (for Dickie's good, all right.)
But what about that little worm—the toiler through the night?
They each are useful in their way; the worm works out of sight,
The bird he toils the live-long day—'tis Nature's law all right.
You love to hear your "early bird," his sweet voice greatly mellowed,
But little think his boasting word is from the worm he's swallowed

GUESS AGAIN

Miss Grainger had a little man—(his hair was rather grey)
One favor small, and that was all, she asked of him one day;
You will be guessing favor this that to her was denied—
This favor small—a little kiss?; before she was his bride;
You may be wrong—you may be right, (it wasn't morn, but it was night);
These further words I must confess may yet again confirm your guess.
It's always good to use your mind, and think the best of all mankind;
So in the present instance see 'twas really not unkind in me,
I was between young ladies two—one told me what I must not do
For other girls if they did ask; (alas! I thus had delicate task):
I little thought 'twould be so soon before I should deny the boon;—
You may think chock'late, chewing-gum, (so much the rage with many a chum)
Of other things of such wide range, a fellow finds for his small change
Wherewith his suit on her to press, when out they go in evening dress.
But let me now just you correct—again your thoughts in line collect,
And as you've guessed both this and that, at last you'll think 'twas nice new hat—
"An automobile?" "dress of silk?" You're wrong again—'twas glass of milk!

BRIDGET O'LARY

(An Hospital Love Episode)

Bridget O'Lary carried a pail, And down the corridor set on sail;
She met a patient—Sammy Clown; She stood a-talking while he sat down.
Her pail held water ready to mop, The pail went over flipperty-flop:
The part he used was wet to the skin, And Bridget couldn't help but grin,
For, into the kitchen—yes, by Jove, He had to dry upon the stove.
She didn't care to wring him out, For, twisting and twirling he'd likely shout.
Besides, the floor outside—(it made her mutter), Was flowing like the very gutter.
'Twas now she saw what man could do; And said, right off she'd give him shoe
If ever again he made love to her, She'd hustle him off with his eye in a blurr!
She further decided—(the better for fitting), The next man should stand, and she'd do
the sitting.

* * *

To Nurse P.—

I'm short of words—I need the pen of poet, For what I feel, I'd have thee know it:
Thy watching, working, staying power, Has been the patient's nightly dower.
In hours of pain and want of sleep, He's felt consoled within thy keep.
Thy lively step he loves to hear—Thy smile, he knows, will bring good cheer;
To him a ministering angel thou To quench his thirst and cool his brow:
To bring him comfort, ease his pain, And let him sleep in peace again.
And now that Christmas draws so near, He wishes thee the Best of Cheer.

OUR FRIENDLY LITERARY VISITORS

Right welcome are those English "boys," With naught of fuss nor any noise,
Who come the patient's heart to cheer, The Sundays each all through the year.
The twain they come (seem tied together), No matter what the state of weather.
They each do wear a smiling face—Seem glad to do this work of grace.
They bring us books the mind to fill,—Of pleasant things and naught of ill;
They tell of things the world outside—Feel sorry we've the suffering side.
They mollify the patient's ill, Suggest no word of any bill.
They always come with cheery tune, Nor ever come one hour too soon.
They're welcome guests from 'Stablished Church, Nor wish to leave one in the lurch,
If he's in need of their attention, Of creed or sect they never mention.
They're great of heart—throw, sect aside—Mental not narrow, rather wide
To take in all (they have no strictures) Aliens read their papers' pictures;
Thus pleasure all they bring around, Their steps are always welcome sound.
Long may they live! enjoy fine health! And happy homes—the best of wealth.
Our patients now, through all their ranks, Return these twain their best of thanks,
And wish them both, with hearts sincere, The best on earth with each New Year.

"TAIL OF THE SHIRT"

(Not by Tom Hood)

(The patient had re-habilitated in clean, white linen; his doctor noticed this, and humorously enquired, "Where did you get that clean shirt?" The one queried didn't feel like giving the secret away, and hesitated, giving only an evasion. However, next day, the doctor got the more or less satisfactory or unsatisfactory, information as follows:—)

Dear Doctor:—

You asked me where I got that shirt—The one so clean, so free from dirt?
Just what I said was only "bosh," (My only other one was in the wash).
I only gave evasive speech, (None other seemed within my reach).
But now, I wish to make it clear, In what direction you're to steer:

Just for a shirt that's white and clean, You kindly ask Nurse Mary Green,
And if she brings you one too thinly, With that enshroud Miss Ada Grimly,
And should she trade you one that's dark You then address Scotch lassie Shark.
If it's a shirt not worn on days, Not satisfied, you quiz Miss Blayne.
There's lots o' shirts; indeed, 'tis hard to stay 'em, But the best of all is ON Nurse
Playem.

NOT "WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE," BUT--

Woman! Spare thy Man! Don't pull one single hair;
Leave him five cents for chewing-gum, don't pick his pockets bare.
'Twas his kind mother's work, that gave thee thy good man,
So, woman, curb thine hand; just leave him one small "can."
Her poor hard-working son, whose labors always tire,
And toileth oft, long as he can, through frost, snow, slush and mire;
Woman forbear to take, don't rob his pockets so,
Oh spare for human pity's sake—leave dime for picture show!
"When but an idle boy, he sought the grateful shade,"
Where he could buy ice-cream and spend the quarter he had made.
"His father pressed his hand," and in it this much dropped,
For sweeping snow, and fetching in, the wood that he'd chopped.
"His heart-strings now do round thee cling," he's taken thee for better—
He's furnished thee with wedding ring don't make his life a fetter.
Good man! the storms still brave! And, woman, don't him tease!
For all he has is thine; but he's content thy waist to squeeze.
If thou wouldst always win his kiss—deserve his full devotion,
His "bottom dollar" always miss, and quit that grasping notion!
But now and then, just help him strive—instead of "pinching" lend him Five.

NOT "THE MILLER OF THE DEE," BUT--

THE A. ONE HOSPITAL "GROUSER"

There dwelt a fellow, sick but bold, beside the River Bow,
He bragged and bawled from morn till night; no monkey chattered so.
And this the burden of his "swank," for ever used to be:
"I'll have my 'grub' the first of all—my breakfast, dinner and tea."
"Thou'ret wrong, my friend," the doctor said, "as wrong as wrong can be,
"The ruling powers will take their time,—There's more on earth than thee.
"And tell me now, what further ails—I'll see what I can do,
"If thirst thou hast, thou'll yet go dry, thou'll have to wait that too."

The man he scowled,—bare was his head—his cap he couldn't doff,
So to the doctor gruffly said: "Then where do I get off?"
"You have no wife on you to wait," the doctor made reply,
"If I and nurse were led by you you very soon might die.
"You seem to think there's naught we know, but what you tell to us,
"You're always 'grousing,' loud or low, and kicking up a fuss.
"If you are wiser than your nurse, than doctor wiser still,
"Then sit straight up, and walk right out, and settle up my bill!"

"EXCELSIOR!"

(After Longfellow--a long while after)

"The shades of night were falling fast," As by a little cottage passed,
"A youth who bore" with smiles so nice, A token of his heart's device, "Excelsior!"
"His brow was" light, "his eye beneath," Flashed like Love's arrow from its sheath
And from that heart with love so wrung, The accents of sweet Cupid's tongue, " Excelsior!"
Inside the house he saw the light—The parlour fire glow warm and bright;
Above—from bed-room window shone—The old gent's light—to bed he'd gone,
And from this young man escaped a sigh, Relieved he then began to cry, "Excelsior!"
"Try not to pass," the old gent said, "Dark lowers this wash-bowl overhead,
"I'll fling this basin at thy hide;" But loud the young man's voice replied, "Excelsior!"
"Oh, flee!" the maiden cried, "I'll follow; my father then will have to 'holler'."
A smile passed through his bright blue eye, the young man then with glee did cry, "Excelsior!"
"Beware the fence of barbed wire—Beware the yard-dog's howling ire,"
This was a neighbor's last good-night, A man replied, far out of sight, "Excelsior!"
At break of day the lovers met, On being one their hearts were set—
Uttered the oft-repeated vow; Before a parson married now—"Excelsior!"
A traveller by police was found—The old man, lame, had lost his ground,
Still grasping wash-bowl in his hand—His legs so tired he scarce could stand, "Excelsior!"
Then, in the evening, (happy pair!) At home they met dear father there,
And at the table both he kissed, Was glad his bowl young man had missed, "Excelsior!"

THE CALL

Ye Britons! come! to the call of the drum, behind you cannot lag,
Your homes are in danger, the German stranger, is out to despoil your Flag!—
Your emblem of Freedom, your able seaman, has swept him off the sea,
Now together stand, clear him off the land, maintain your right to be free!
Mother England obey, maintain the fray; assert that you're a man,
Say your bit you will do, you're a Briton true, and do whate'er you can:
In medical corps, or digging ore—in mining diamonds black—
By running a train with might and main, you'll drive the Germans back;
Their trenches deep, you'll o'er them leap, and plant the Union Jack.
We're not down-hearted, though before us they started, we'll catch them up in The Race.
The foe will go under the Allies' blow,—to his appointed place.
Then boys, unite, in this awful fight, all energies place in line—
From Belgium and France, you'll make him prance
And pitch him over—or into.—The Rhine.

* * *

To Miss H.—

The true songstress sings to reach the heart; The listener loves such better part—
Than empty soul within the singer; (The former causes higher sense to linger).
So all who hear thee sing thy songs, Know to which class thy skill belongs;
And everyone, without delay, Wish thee the best this Christmas Day;
And when New Year shall make his start, Will find thee cheerful—glad of heart;
And right along, through every day, Good Fortune may attend thy way.

CHRISTMAS MESSAGE TO THE DIET KITCHEN COOK

Pies and cakes—cakes and pies, At Christmas-time is what we prize;
We know they'll never make us sick, Because our cook knows all the trick,
To make our pie-crusts (not of brick), But rather,—full of fatty flakes,
And nice and light are all she makes—
Her crusts are light—just like a feather; Her cocoa's good for any weather.
Her soup is always piping hot, As rich as any Mother got
For Father when he'd done his work, And smacked his lips like any Turk.
Her milk's not water, (more like cream), Her jelly custard's like a dream—
Yet not a dream—(so much the better), The place to say so's in this letter.
There's lots of good things from thy skill, More welcome than the doctor's bill.
His beakers, glasses, may run o'er the brim, Thou'rt worth a barrow load of him.
It's nice to see thy wares come down that chute; I love thy motto: "Feed the brute!"
We wish thee all this world can give Of good, of health—long may'st thou live!
And give us all good words to utter; A dietary wide—our bread and butter!
I'd like just here to make suggestion—(My stomach's good—a fine digestion);
Thou'rt cook experienced—not just budding,—I'd like a dab o' Yorkshire pudding!
Just one more word—(the last wel' say), We wish thee well this Christmas Day!

NELLIE BINGHAM--"THE PET LAMB?"

"The dew was falling fast," the stars began to glitter;
I thought I heard a young man gasp; I knew I heard a maiden titter;
And looking o'er the hedge before me I espied
The fellow on his knees beseeching her to be his bride.
'Twas lithesome Nellie Bingham—(I knew her by her hair;) I spoke for her in school-days—but now another fellow's there!
Some said her hair was car-rot, (others they called it red)
Just what it was I say—not—adorned was her fair head.
Her bright eyes were a-sparkling with fire all a-glow;
And while he was "a-sparking" she always answered, "No!"
He told her how he liked her—her eyes were just his color;
He'd like her more if she'd be sure and make that coiffure duller.
She took this as a little slur—if him it didn't suit,
"Twas good enough" she said, for her—"You nasty little brute!" He saw thus one mistake he'd made; this time he'd try to flatter:
He thought her chin a trifle thin—'twould look much better fatter.
"I like your cheek," she said in pique; "I am as I was made."
He said this time, "It's not like mine, for yours I would not trade."
"Nobody 'axed' you, sir," she said—"You're talking like a f—l;
You've slipped your apron-strings too soon, return at once to school." He thought he'd start another part to pay her compliment;
He said her cheeks of color were suggesting condiment!
At this she flashed her fiery eye, (I thought to see him faint);
"You assified man! sneer all you can! I only once did "paint"!
This time he shot another spot: A pair of atoms treat:
"I never saw your stockings, dear; I hate your giant feet!"
Her wrath was loud (she wasn't cowed) she'd never more him meet!

* * *

Alas! he saw, he'd been too raw—his little girl to model;
He said so sly, with wink of eye, he'd start her self to coddle,
His sanity—her vanity—(to both she was so blind
The former man's urbanity—the latter zephyr wind.)
He liked the way, he now did say—her hair was all so trim;
He didn't care what colored hair, 'twas all the same to him.
She now her wrath began to cool—(he'd started talking sense;) I drew as near as ever I dare—quite near to that hedge fence;
And listened now, (there was no row) they both were very nice;
In melted mood, their attitude—between them was no ice,
He'd changed his mind—his taste refined; "The auburn of her hair
Was all a cultured girl like her, would e'er consent to wear."
So on he went (to win her bent), his former speech bewail;
She listened on (her frowns were gone) until he'd told his tale.
Among the rest he now confessed; it was in him a sin
To find such fault he now would halt—he loved her dimpled chin!
There was, no jot of all the lot, but what he did recant;
From feet to crown, all up, then down, straight up or on the slant.
In fact he liked her every way—she would in all things fit;
Her weight was light, that very night she on his knee did sit!
I cannot tell what more was said; (I could no longer hear),
The things that came to those two heads (it made me feel so queer)
And so withdrew before they knew that I'd been standing near.
I thought I'd learnt a little bit; if ever 'twas my part
To need a wife to comfort life I'd got a wise old start;
No word of surl from tongue unfurl, so win my sweet girl's heart.

THE TWO BEARS

When they for life were man and wife
He said they'd start a zoo;
Two pets they'd keep that knew no strife;
She said: "That's up to you."

He asked her wish: "I've you to bear."
(It was her wisdom-trait)
His choice resulted in "for-bear,"
For every bear has mate.

To Nurse E.:—

Many kindly thoughts of thee doth linger, And were I poet or a singer,
I'd like to warble with delight, Thy kind attentions day and night,
One pleasant thing when on Floor A., I found in thee a friend alway;
Great comfort thou to meet my sight, At 4 a.m. or 12 at night.
I ne'er expected thus to meet, Such willing hands—such lovely feet!
I can't re-pay thee—'twould be rash,—To rate thy worth in dollars' cash;
But I can wish with all my heart Thou'll always have "the better part."
Just as one Christmas means another, Goodwill shall follow like kind brother,
And when shall come a fresh New Year, Thy best of fortune may appear.

AT THE HOSPITAL CONCERT

Sometimes a grudge we'd satisfy—Time short or long we'd gratify;
It's well to think, if 'tis worth while, Sometimes its mean, and full of guile,
Your judgment's given to find it out, To pass it o'er, or make a shout;
If innocent and free from harm, Return it quick while yet 'tis warm:
I had one late—of matter such—A little matter—'twas not much;
(A patient always feels so humbled, When in his bed he's just been tumbled
He's such a lot which to submit, And kick right out, or someone hit).
The nurses, doctors long did treat, And doped me up from head to feet;
Helpless was I to give them back, A bitter dose their lips to crack:
Till evening one they concert had, And asked me then, if not too bad
To stand before them and recite; So back at them from left to right
I thought I'd give them something warm: "Tipperary," 'twould not much harm;
They sat it well—physic, nursing bands—Got back at me with clapping hands—
It was no use—I had no chance to parley, "Encore," they called, give "Cheery Charlie."

TO E. C. P.

E rma Celeste, I never can best thee
R ecording the sweetest of Love in my verse;
M y consonants all don't respond to the call
A nd vowels are quick to disperse.

C onsole with me now ere I pledge thee my vow—
E re I take thee for better—not worse)
L evi's my name, (I wasn't to blame)
E ntered in baptismal family verse.*
S o I'm bound to bear it—I always did wear it
T o school or at work—I never it shirk;
E vening and morning it's always adorning

P archment or bill (I have these to fill)
E ver and anon they are coming!
E 'er thee I can wed, here's the thoughts of my head:
"L ove's just waking, heart nigh breaking"—so they said.

P.S.—If you've the heart you'll have the mind
Acrostic above you soon will find.

* Israel, Eli, Paul and Levi.

ON TAG DAY

One loves to see a Tag Day come, "Mere man" then gets detention—
The ladies do around us hum, and claims our full attention
It's nice to see them all alive, to our importance great
Our steps they meet us one-in-five: "We're pillars of the State!"
There's something coming after this—(we wonder what their "axe to grind"),
That smiling, 'witching, artful Miss—she would our pockets find!
I used to give at early morn, to first of Taggers I did meet,
But through the day 'twas almost scorn from other Taggers on the street.
I now reserve till late at eve—till Taggers all on me have pressed,
The dollar then that does me leave has earned its very best.

THE CHURCH FIRE

The Central Methodist Church! We were pained to see it go
The day but one of First of March—A time of frost and snow.
The firemen worked so hard, To save that structure fine:
Heroes worthy pen of bard, (Beyond this one of mine).
“Seven lives endangered,” so ‘twas said; (One shudders at the thought);
Those lives were saved as by a thread, (Let’s praise when praise we ought);
Our gratitude should know no bound, For ‘twas such noble deed—
No better men than Smart’s are found—These heroes take the lead!
Though icy water clothes did soak—(They feared not fire nor water);
They passed through all to save the folk—That mother sick—that daughter.
Five braves were injured less or more—Some burnt about the head,
But still with hurts and burns so sore; They did what “Cappy” said.
I scarcely think the people know, Of Smart’s years’ seven-and-twenty
Fighting fires ‘mid heat and snow, In hospital been times in plenty;
Eighteen, to state the number full: (This sure deserves attention);
How if our people this way pull: When time arrives—donate a pension?
All honor to the crew of Smart! (Stiff tasks at times their work);
This incident of pluck and heart, Shows Duty none did shirk!
All those who suffered in the fire—We wish to cheer their heart;
Sympathy’s with mother, daughter, sire,—We all thank “Cappy” Smart.

* * *

THE CHURCH FIRE--Part II

That now we’ve dealt with heroic side—The Church we would review:
It’s been a landmark and the pride of world, the pulpit and the pew:
A “landmark” for the immigrant—(We’re nearly all in that),
To Doctor Kerby first of all, This “stranger” doffs his hat.
To us were said: (the words so kind, Well nigh a dozen years ago,
It showed a caring state of mind), “Shake hands before you go;
We welcome give, please little wait—We want acquaintance yours to make,
Lone strangers at our gate.” (Grips yet that warm-hand-shake).

* * *

The Reading Room has been a boon,—Writing materials found;
Where many a son has written home—To friendships all around.
You cannot tell what good’s been done,—With such as this attached—
To Church’s work, (may seem small sum), The two are so well-matched :
The Home comes first for tender child, (He soon grows up to man);
The Church it teaches “mercy mild,” (Who’d learn it always can).
The “Men’s Own” fills another need Each Sunday afternoon,
For every week there’s sown “good seed”—It always is a boon.
Who started this, and gave it “go,” We give a vote of thanks so hearty—
We’d now let each one of them know:—The Kerby, Hunt and Cushing party
Include the whole of Trustee Board—(The time’s propitious—one of stress);
They’ll need of help, our little hoard To build the Church afresh.
Let “Men’s Own” firstly “horn the bull”—Be first to “don the collar”—
Together pull, a long, strong pull;—Let’s start it with a dollar.

PATRIOTIC BRITISH WOMEN

Some people good, of gen'rous mind,
They fill a place on earth,
They're heart and soul so very kind—
Are truly stirring worth;
In lots of ills now under th' sun,
They're on lookout for good:
"The silver lining's" sure to come—
Clear water after mud.

So in this war some good's been found,
In Sister Sylvia's crew;
(Small wonder mischief flew around,
So little else to do).
Now noble work their hearts engage—
Their tongues right well directed,
They take full share in war's mad rage,
With energies deflected.

All British women, one in heart—
One single object view;
They've shown the world, (got past the start),
How push this matter through;
They're patting loved ones on the back—
Encourage them to go,
The women all, (not one is slack),
Their help o'ercomes the foe!

"Anticipating?" So I am—
Your conscience says I'm right;
The Lioness is not the lamb,
When Hun's—the foe to fight.
She's roused, and filled with righteous ire—
There's nothing she will shirk
In animating son, and sire,
To crush the German-Austro-Turk.

She's welding ammunition, shot, and shell,
Is making rivets hot,
Is driving taxis, bus as well,—
Of other things a lot.
She's heaving coal, is Army-groom,
And spinning rope so strong,
Is farming, gard'ning, making broom,
(She'll sweep the foe ere long).

"They're skilled in aerial work," 'tis said:
(Lloyd George has lady chauffeur);
Dispenses drugs, is molding lead,
(She's lost the name, of "duffer").
If aught's to do to win the war,
She surely does it well—
She'd kill the Germ, war's canker-worm,
Stick Kaiser's nose in——
(the pincushion).

WHY DON'T YOU DON THE KHAKI?

Why don't you don the Khaki,
Or else the Navy Blue—
From line and trench, or Kiel Canal
Stop Huns from coming through?
You've shown no 'colours' yet this while
"For Britain, Home or Beauty,"
You've worn civilian garb in style,
Now don the dress of Duty!

Have you not seen the finger's scorn,
Because you're not in Khaki?
When every lime of our Domain—
From Afric's shores the Darkey—
From frozen North—from Tropic climes,
They feel its but their due,—
All these are Men,—true Britishers—
You don the Khaki too!

It's not a glittering show, we know,—
Nor yet the peacock fine,
But Khaki or Blue, will see you through
The Kiel, or River Rhine—
Then up and don the Khaki—
Your part for Freedom take,
For Honour, King and Empire—
Your own dear safety's sake!

Have you not known a mother's love?
And been her constant care?
Did she not train for Manhood's ways—
Make that her daily prayer?
The time is now to prove her work—
Now let her prayers come true,—
For her dear sake, the dress now take—
The Khaki, or the Blue.

Just think of wives, of mothers, homes.
Of all they loved bereft
Just look at gallant Belgium,
Of it so little left!—
Once smiling, peaceful, well-tilled farms,—
A land of beauty too,
Up, up and right her forlorn plight,
'Don Khaki or the Blue!

Were none to change peaceful attire—
None don the Khaki or the Blue,
By now the foe had been through France,
And spoiling Britain too!
But thousands brave have crost the wave—
And blocked the lawless Hun,
You back them up, in Khaki get,—
Be Britain's worthy Son!

"Yes! yes! I'll don the Khaki,"
I hear you firmly say;
"I'll be the man my mother wished,
I'll help to win "The Day!"—
I'll be the friend of orphans—
Of helpless mothers, wounded too,
I'll help the fight—(Great Britain's right)
I'm Khaki through and through.

THE CHANGE

"A quarter cash; 3, 9 and twelve;"
One never hears it now;
That boom in Lots is on the shelve,
Let's think about a cow!
To sell, to "get"—keep "upper-hand"—
To swell the dealer's pocket—
While that was on, the land—the land
Just soared up like a rocket.

But now we've come to sober sense,
(We've got the land 'tis sure),
We'll cultivate it so intense
'Twill feed so many more
And as we've mentioned friendly cow—
Suggest we now just these:
Some cocks and hens, or breeding sow;
But all should plant some trees.

HER PERQUISITE (A FACT)

I had a friend in olden time,—
They called him "Johnny" Coates,
His favor wasn't quite in line
For women having votes:
He thought domestic splits there'd be
Disturbing peaceful hearth—
She'd like vote "blue," while "yellow" he
Would think the best on earth.

One day, while riding in the train,
(From market homeward bent)
A "pair" were having lively strain,
(To harsh words both gave vent).
The man was losing ground,
(Where woman's logic went),
To catch her up, he let off blows,
To clinch his argument.

Our friend, (so full of chivalry,
For this the vessel weaker,)
Was 'raged at drunken devilry,
And smashed him o'er the "beaker."
At this the lady (?) jealous was:
"You interfering seller!
'Tis my own right to hubby fight!"
On John broke umbrella.

THE HYPOCONDRIACAL PATIENT'S HOLLOW DREAM

"I stood beneath a hollow tree, The blast it hollow blew,
I thought upon the hollow world, And all it's hollow crew!
Ambition, and it's hollow schemes, The hollow hopes we follow,
Imagination's hollow dreams—All hollow, hollow, hollow!"

A crown, it is a hollow thing, And hollow heads oft wear it;
The hollow title of a king, What hollow hearts oft bear it!
The hollow leader but betrays The hollow dupes who heed him;
The hollow critic vends his praise To hollow fools who feed him.

The hollow friend who takes your hand Is but a summer swallow;
Whate'er I see is like this tree,—All hollow, hollow, hollow!
No hollow wiles nor honeyed smiles Of ladies fair I follow,
For beauty sweet still hides deceit,—Tis hollow, hollow, hollow!"

—ANON

(Patient improves; temperature normal; sits up; takes notice, also nourishment—Nurse says he'll pull through!)

* * *

Another day—another tree, (The stomach free from bile,
The liver living painlessly—(The spleen just clear awhile).
I stood beneath a solid tree,—(It sure was heart of oak),
The hollowness had passed from things As by a single stroke!
A sweet, soft wind the leaves just moved, Straight up did curl the smoke,
The world so full of good was spread, The leafy shades above my head—
I feel inclined to joke.

A maiden true I met just there, (No worldly cares did jar),
The fairest she of all the fair,—I'd found my Guiding Star!
I told her that I'd felt a wreck—Found hollow world remiss;
She threw her arms around my neck—Then all the world was bliss!

OUR EDNA

(In Memoriam)

The greatest grief lays low our hearts,—
How deep none know till loved one parts:
It can't be healed in this world wide—
Our Edna taken from our side;
Was all so young, so fair, so good:
Her worth the mother only, understood,
Even she finds words do not express,
The sadness, loneliness and distress
At vacant place on hearth, in home
For one that never more may come.
The only comfort—she so kind,
The solaced, peaceful, quiet mind—
The prayers for whom she left behind:
Her grief dear mother's heart to rend
So soon—no longer her befriend.
She prayed for this, (nor would she swerve),
Through life her mother always serve;
But when it came: (the words so still):
"Not mine, O Lord, but Thine the will,"
And after this no longer pent,
Her soul to Jesus calmly went,
With final words just at life's end:
"To Thee my spirit I commend."

* * *

"She came and we all were better
For the sight of her winsome face,
Her smile was a ray of gladness,
And the world was a purer place."

Entered her rest February 5th, 1915
24 years of age
Daughter of Levi and Lucy Houghton.

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